

SAM side 1

SAM: Hang on. Are we saying that I might be Sophie's dad, but it might be Bill, or even Harry?

DONNA: You've got it! And you've only got yourself to blame.

SAM: I what?

SOPHIE: Yeah. if you hadn't dumped my mom and gone off and married someone else-

SAM: No. No, it wasn't like that. I was engaged. I had to go home. I thought it was the right thing to do. (quietly) But I came back.

DONNA: (incredulously) What?

SAM: Yeah. I told Lorraine I couldn't marry her, and I came straight back.

DONNA: Well, why didn't you call me?

SAM: Because I was daft enough to think that you might be sitting in your room pining for me. Only when I got here, they told me that you'd gone off with some other bloke. So I went back to Lorraine, who told me what an idiot I was... and married me to prove it.

SAM side 2

SAM: Donna! Donna! What's the rush?

DONNA: A small matter of the wedding.

SAM: Look, about this wedding... These are my old bongos!

DONNA: They frighten off unwanted visitors.

SAM: Oh, you don't need bongos to do that.

DONNA: I wouldn't. My bite is worse than my bark.

SAM: I know- I've still got the scars. I'll show you.

DONNA: Oh, what do you want Sam?

SAM: Look. I've had an idea for an extension.

DONNA: I don't want your bloody extension! What are you doing here?

SAM: You're living my dream! Don't you remember, the island, the taverna, it was my dream.

DONNA: Yeah? Well, this is my reality. Hard work and a crippling mortgage.

SAM: Oh, alright! At least let me take a look at that roof for you. It's not going to last you through the winter.

DONNA: I will look at my own roof, thank you.

SAM: Alright! Be a bloody martyr. (Deflated) I got kids. I know it's hard for you, doing it on your own.

DONNA: Don't you patronize me! I like doing it on my own.